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Letter from Anne Whitney, to Catharine Brown Porter, 1895 July 13

Anne Whitney

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Sat. July 13. / 95-

Dear Italy: The Round of rain
on the roof in the early morning
was difficult - ~~to~~ believe in. For
the sun set - last - night - in a
lucid sea of milky light - such as
ordinarily portends a long drought.
But now we have a continuous
drizzle which we hope will deepen
into torrents & floods - You have been
kitten off down in Palermo. But we
had had a good fortnight of anti-
cyclonic weather (a phrase which in
its ~~own~~ application I have yet ~~to~~ learn
the derivation of.)

My dear Italy When I was dressing
this morning I heard a great parliament
of birds outside my windows & drawing
the curtains what - should I see but
troops in tens & twenties of infant swallows
on the roof of the pigeon flying, tottling
& climbing the window sills - very much
astonished at the outside would the rain

the rain & everything I suppose
today had been appointed for the
experiment - & the old birds being set
in their ways no postponements would
be made on account of the weather.
It was a pretty show. & I never
before knew how much vanity there
is in the plumage of the Swallow.
They were more different than the
children of a family a great deal.
^{Swallows}
They are such ludicrous fellows too.
it is almost impossible to do anything
~~when~~ but watch them when they are
round. & I can't but think too
that their wheelings & dartings have
some reference to the helpless humans
who sit - supine below gazing
up hopelessly at them.

My farm experiment. You
will perhaps like to know - is thus
far successful. I have much
less care & what I have is of a
less annoying kind. & we have rather
given up the notion of selling out.

The Visit to Mt. Desert did not
a little to settle our minds. The
mountains & woods never looked so
noble as when we came to them
this season. And there is nothing at
Bar Harbor to match the delightful
seclusion of this home which makes
companionship with nature & with
^{high} human nature possible. & things
clearly to be got there. As to our
paucity of views I am content. One
view ^{would be} enough - all the rest comes
of changing light & shade. & this
is as good as infinitude of motion
& direction.

Edward wrote me that he
and Carry had been to New York - that
they found you on the piazza in
apparent better health. Might
it be really so my most dear
Nelly! - You have the spirit to throw
off almost any "Christian's pack"
& may it avail to bring you out of
this grip - & may the Heavens

gain strength on you my
dear - dear.

With love to the folks &
thanks to Nanaima for her
letter - Your own aw,

Don't try to write a word
to me - & when I write again
let me remind (compely) to tell you
about - Granmy Starbird.

Adeline's love. if must not forget